The Weekly Museum.

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HERE JUSTICE WITH HER BALANCE SITS, AND WEIGHS IMPARTIALLY THE DEEDS OF MEN.

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For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The REFORMER, No. VII.

"Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Pope, one of the greatest moral Philosophers and Poets, that Great-Britain, or perhaps any other nation has produced, has made the above assertion, yet still I am not tempted to be of the same opinion.

For which reason I shall take the liberty in this Number to attempt a vindication of what I conceive to be the most heavenly part of creation—and for a proof of which I need only to appeal to the sacred authority of the Holy Scriptures, where we find that the Almighty proceeded in his formation of all things, by gradual pregressions towards perfection, and women was his last best work. The presumption of my present undertaking will, I hope, be pardoned; an endeavour to refute the maxims of so celebrated a character, which has received the sanction of Time, and the approbation of Ignorance is no easy, or unworthy task. Mr. Pope has, throughout the whole of his works, said so many things derogatory to the female sex, as to appear rather the effect of a natural dislike, than sentiments founded upon reason and truth. His second epistle, called the Characters of Women, (from which I have taken my motto) is a continued series of illiberal assertions, with proofs drawn only from his own inventive fancy, many of which, however, must be acknowledged to bear a resemblance to some of the sex, but to say that "women have no characters at all," is as unjust as to suppose that not one of them can err: What I shall labour to establish, is, that their characters are as strongly marked as those of men, and that they are as capable of as much stability and improvement—For the peculiar method of female treatment and education, great allowances certainly should be made: Bred up with the tenderest delicacy, their constitutions contract a weakness which we should not be surprized to see extend itself to the mind—for it is well known that the faculties partake in a great measure of the vigor or lacitude of the body.—They are constantly taught, that to be timid, should be the characteristic of their sex, and accustomed to adulation, they are led to believe their every wish should be gratified, from whence we may deduce their want of firm courage, or consistant conduct when we discover them without it—Yet under those disadvantages, what prodigies have we not known of female genius and enterprize? Without spending the prime of their lives secluded in a College, under the constant tutorage of Reverend Professors—without the *infallible* marks of learning which graduates can boast, have they not produced history, poetry and miscellany, equal, if not superior, to most *Bachelors* or even *Masters of Arts?* Although they are not accustomed from their earliest infancy to ride a wooden horse, beat the courage inspiring drum, or to brandish the missile weapons of defence, have they not given us instances of heroic courage unequalled by men? Do they not bear the frowns of adversity with as much calmness and resignation as man? They do—their minds are as firm by Nature, and their faculties as susceptable of improvement as ours.—But their principles have been in a particular manner attacked—that "every woman is at heart a rake," is going yet farther than to say, that they are inconstant and ignorant. It contains a full pointed assertion, that the *whole* sex are secretly inclined to incontinence, and every other kind of debauchery—and that it proceeds from the most innate and purest spring of sentiment—the heart. It certainly is not true—for I am sure even among the few that I have the happiness to know there are exceptions to such an illiberal declaration—Women whose *souls* are as chaste as their conduct, & whose minds never reflected on a criminal action, without horror and detestation—And I am positive, that those who pronounce them virtuous only from a fear of censure, must have founded their opinion on a knowledge of the vilest of the sex.

New-York, July 6, 1791.

Three GOOD THINGS *hard to be met with.*

I WAS the other day peeping into a book of conundrums, and among other things found the following assertion: 'Among the things difficult to be met with, three are chiefly reckoned; a "good melon," a "good wife," and a "good friend."

There are few people who love a melon better than myself, though I acknowledge it to be very rare to meet with a good one.—However, I shall not enter into the merits of this matter, but leave it to the determination of epicures.

A good wife is, indeed, a "*rara avis in terra*," which is very scarce to be met with: but, that your readers may be assisted in their researches after one, permit me to describe the necessary accomplishments to form such a character. She must love no man so well as her husband, whose inclinations and pleasure she must constantly study. She must never speak in the positive, but always in the submissive tone; and, above all, carefully avoid ever to let her tongue run too fast. She must think her own home preferable to the most sumptuous habitations of others; but on no account must go abroad without her husband's consent. She must be always neat and delicate in her dress, but never call in the assistance of art; such as washes, paints and patches; nor dress her head too high, to add borrowed charms to the natural graces of her person. She must manage the family with spirit and prudence, neither suffering any necessary to be wanting, nor countenancing any waste whatever. She must be of an affable, lively, and chearful disposition, capable of giving and receiving an innocent joke, and know how with propriety to perform the ceremonies of the table. She must be well acquainted with the good and bad properties of all kinds of provisions; and, if she does not go to market herself, must take care to see that her servants perform that business properly. In short, she must be an indulgent parent, a prudent wife, and an agreeable companion. The man who meets with such a partner, ought to love, cherish and adore her.

As to third difficult thing to be found, a "good friend," that is a "real" friend, there is not such an animal in nature; and therefore, I shall not attempt to describe it.

On MARRIAGE.

THE felicity of a married man is supplied from various channels, and depends more on others than himself; from participation proceeds the most extatic enjoyments of a married man; by an union with the gentlest, most polished, most beautiful of the creation, his mind is harmonized, his manners softened, his soul animated by the tenderest, liveliest sensations; love, gratitude, and universal benevolence, mix in all his ideas—The house of a married man is his Paradise; he never leaves it but with regret, never returns to it but with gladness: the friend of his soul, the wife of his bosom, welcomes his approach, with susceptibility; joy flushes in her cheeks; mutual are their transports; infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, contending who shall first catch the kiss of paternal fondness; smiling plenty under the guardian ship of œconomy, is seen in every department of his family; Generosity stands porter at the door; Liberality presides at his table; and social Mirth gives to Time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a married man there is no determination; when Death overtakes him, his glory is immortalized, and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation.

SLOTHFULNESS.

"*The* slothful *man hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth. How long wilt thou sleep,* O sluggard! *When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little* sleep, *a little* slumber, *a little folding of the hands to* sleep. *So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man. The* sluggard *is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason. The soul of the* sluggard *desireth and hath nothing.*"

LET them go, said I—they may possibly benefit some person whose wants are greater than mine—I had left my gloves. The season was summer—the morning brilliant and hour—ten. The industrious part of mankind had been long busily engaged in their respective occupa-

tions—The little bee was extracting ſweets from flowers, and the provident ant ſedulouſly employed in the labours of the day—when I ſtepped into the neareſt ſtore to purchaſe another pair. It was the habitation of *Indolence*. The ſhutter ſtill darkened the window—the door was half-cloſed, and the owner had that moment *crawled* from his bed. He was ſeated on an old trunk, in the furtheſt angle of the room, and not three feet from his couch. Pray, Sir—puſhing back the door, to open a wider paſſage for the light, and advancing up to the counter—Pray, Sir, ſaid I, have you——He was both motionleſs and ſilent—His eyes were unopened—I paused and imagined, at firſt, that the figure before me was an inanimate repreſentation of man, purpoſely fixed in that poſture either to attract cuſtomers by its ſingularity, or terrify thieves by an appearance of watchfulneſs—I was on the point of retiring, when the ſtatue, as I conjectured, undeceived me. How ſupreme was my amazement when I beheld it riſe and approach the place in which I ſtood? I perceived his nature had ſuſtained a violent ſhock in riſing—every limb appeared to repine at the exertion. He applied both hands to his eyes—they were ſwoln and confined by a quantity of glutinous matter, which exceſſive ſleep had contracted over their membranes—He was endeavouring to deobſtruct them, when, after a continued yawning for thirty ſeconds, he forced himſelf to utter—"What—Sir—d—do—you want?" I mentioned the article, and he commenced a ſearch. Certainly, Solomon, thought I, this man is the very counterpart of thy ſluggard—"Had he a field or a vineyard, it would all be grown over with thorns, nettles would cover the face thereof, and the ſtone wall thereof would be broken down." His attitude was ſo far erect that I had a full opportunity of examining his perſonal dimenſions, dreſs, &c.—His ſize exceeded the middle rate—Nature had given a floridneſs to his face, and idleneſs and gluttony—corpulency to his body. His age and underſtanding were green—he was a boy in both, without, the poſſibility of arriving to manhood by the latter. His wriſts, hands and neck were coated over with cakes of dirt which had been collecting for weeks. His outer garment was old, its colour brown, and cuffs glazed by drawing them at certain times under his noſe—a vulgar, puerile practice to which he had a natural addiction—His breeches were of red velvet—they ſerved as a convenient ſubſtitute for a pocket handkerchief, and were incruſted with greaſe from the waiſtband to the kneeband. His ſtockings had fallen down to his heels, and the ends of his feet were thruſt into a pair of ſlippers decayed and run out of ſhape. His addreſs was deſtitute of animation and his countenance of vivacity—His features expreſſed, and his actions indicated *lazineſs*—he moved and talked lazy, looked like a ſl ven, and even reflection appeared painful and laborious to him. From his perſon I turned to ſurvey his ſituation—Every thing agreed with the man—the floor was covered with naſtineſs, the counter with filth, and the ſhelves with cobwebs and duſt. There was neither regularity in the arrangement nor convenience in the diſpoſition of his articles. Confuſion had gotten the upperhand of order—ironmengery and china were mixed together—in one corner cambricks and ſilks were thrown among coatings—in another gauzes and ribbons among piles of chocolate and buckles.—Such was the ſcene to which an accident introduced me—"Then I ſaw and conſidered well—I looked upon it and received inſtruction."—In fine I began to philoſophize on the phenomenon in my preſence. I was moralizing on the effects of indolence—I had concluded it to be both a diſhonor and inconvenience to ſociety—my contemplations were taking a very ſerious turn—when a ſtranger entering (for his acquaintances generally paſſed by) diverted them from their channel.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

YOUTH *the* SEASON *for* ENJOYMENT.

STILL *Alcandes* will you ſay
"Let us toil throughout to day?"
'Till to-morrow's doubtful date,
Env'lop'd in the womb of fate,
Will you ſtill defer the joy
Which this hour ſhould employ?

What avails your airy dreams—
All your ſtudied golden ſchemes,
If the glorious prime of life
Muſt be ſpent in toil and ſtrife,
Void of all that's good and ſweet—
And with ev'ry care replete?

Now in youth's rejoicing day,—
While the heart is blythe and gay,—
While the flood of life is high,—
E'er the ſtream of joy runs by,
Taſte the pleaſures as they glide
Down the rapid, rolling tide.

What's to-morrow's joys to thee?
Nought perhaps of them you'll ſee;—
E'er its glit'ring dawn ſhall riſe
To ſalute thy longing eyes,
Num'rous ſorrow's at thy gate,
May thy firſt awakening wait.

Look on all the world around;
See how wants and woes abound:
Sickneſs hangs on every breath;—
Ev'ry gale is fill'd with death;—
Miſ'ries ſo engroſs the ſcene,
Scarce a joy can intervene.

Mark the tear in *Sorrow's* eye,;—
Hear each wretched mourner ſigh;—
View ten thouſand griefs ariſe;—
Hear the mingled groans and cries;—
And while all around repine,
Think their woes may yet be thine.

Seize then pleaſures while you may,—
Joy's for us will never ſtay;—
Now the golden hours improve,—
O'er each field of rapture rove,—
Soon enjoyment's morn is paſt,—
Chilling age arives at laſt.

Cheerleſs days will then draw nigh,
When with ſorrow we ſhall cry,
Here no ſolid joys remain,
All is chang'd to grief and pain:—
Hope which wont to calm the breaſt
Leaves us tot'ring and diſtreſs'd.

All our proſpects dark appear,—
Dulneſs reigns thro' all the year,—
Faintly burns life's lambent flame,—
Stiffneſs ſpreads o'er all our frame,—
Hope—forſaken, all the mind
Is to ſick'ning gloom reſign'd.

Time forever flies apace,—
Shortly ſhall we end our race,—
Strength, and health, and ſenſe decay,—
Life itſelf muſt paſs away,—
Soon ſhall *Death's* long wint'ry night
Baniſh all the joys of light.

Pleaſures never haunt the tomb,
Far from all its doleful gloom,
Mirth, and heart-reviving glee,
Will to time-eternal flee:—
Dulneſs, darkneſs and deſpair
Reign in mournful ſilence there.

Then in youth's rejoicing day,—
While the heart is blythe and gay,—
While the flood of life is high,—
E'er the ſtream of joy runs by,
Taſte the pleaſures as they glide
Down the rapid, rolling tide.

July 4, 1791. CORYDON.

ALTAR of CUPID.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To Miſs S—— R——ſ——n.

EUPHELIA! thou loveliеſt fair!
Say, may not I tune my fond lyre,
To thy charms, which ſhall ever be rare,
While beauty and wit I admire?
Oh! pardon kind maid the fond muſe,
While with raptures it chants to thy praiſe,
Nor the tender emotions refuſe,
Which breathe in its innocent lays.

When blended the lily and roſe,
With tranſport we dwell on each hue,
Such charms doth Euphelia diſcloſe,
On each cheek where this contraſt we view,
With extatic bliſs have I ſeen
Each dimple its beauty diſplay,
With a ſmile, as ſoft as ſerene
As the loveliеſt morning in May.

Shepherds aſſiſt me and ſing,
The graces in each ringlet we find;
The ſweetneſs there is in the ſpring,
Already poſſeſſes her mind.
Not Raphel himſelf could beſtow,
Tho' angels he figur'd with grace;
The harmony which ever doth flow
In each contour, each feature of face.

Her accents with ſympathy flow;
Her wit is engaging and free;
Her eyes with ſoft radiance glow;
"She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me."
Euphelia, fair, generous and kind,
Ye Gods be your care to protect:
While the powerful charms of her mind,
Minerva, ſhall ever reſpect.

New-York, July 5, 1791. STREPHON.

The RESIGNED HUSBAND.

A Country 'ſquire, finding his wife (who had ſeveral times diſappointed him by quacking herſelf out of ſome formidable diſorders, juſt when he thought her on the point of moving into another world) in a condition, one day which baffled all her own applications and ſeemed to bid defiance to the power of medicine, diſpatched his ſervant, in a great hurry, out of decency, to a Doctor in the neighbourhood. When the Doctor came he told him his wife's caſe with a very ſorrowful countenance, ſlipping at the ſame time, his fee into his hand. "I will do what I can for Mrs. B——," ſaid Eſculapius, after a long pauſe. "She is indeed in a very bad way," added he, after a ſtill longer pauſe, "we muſt have a conſultation: I am afraid ſhe will never recover; a conſultation is abſolutely neceſſary; if ſhe ſhould die the world will talk; they'll ſay I killed her"—"Oh no"—"Either from want of knowledge in my profeſſion"—"No no"—"or an obſtinate attachment to my own preſcriptions."—"No, no, never mind the world Doctor," replied Mr. B——, with additional eagerneſs, "your judgment is indiſputable, and if ſhe is to be cured by phiſic, your phyſic will do her buſineſs. But if ſhe ſhould, after all your endeavours to ſave her, die, and you ſhould be accuſed of having been the cauſe of her death, I will defend you ſtrongly againſt the malicious charge. I, as her huſband, am anſwerable for all the conſequences, and if I ſay a ſyllable againſt you for her death I'll be d—nd."

A REBUS.

FIVE letters do compoſe my name,
Forward and backward read the ſame;
In muſic's charms I'm known to dwell,
Then who I am be pleas'd to tell. W.

NEW-YORK, *July* 9, 1791.

Wednesday arrived in Philadelphia, from a tour through the southern states, the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES. We are happy to add—in good health.

FOURTH of JULY.

Last Monday being the 15th Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, the same was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the day celebrated with every demonstration of joy. At 9 o'clock the Tammany Society, escorted by a handsome military corps, and accompanied by all the military officer not on duty, moved in procession, from the Great Wigwam, in Broad street, to the New Dutch Church, where a respectable auditory were convened. The Grand Sachem, after some prefatory reflections, read the Declaration of Independence; and the Rev. Dr. Lyon preached an occasional sermon from these words, "*our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage*," which, for elegance of composition, and animation of delivery, equalled, if not excelled any thing of the kind we ever heard.—After Divine service several select and rich pieces of music were performed which gave general satisfaction, and at the conclusion a generous collection was made for the benefit of the charity school.

From the church the procession moved to the battery, where a federal salute and feu-de-joy were fired. Three cheers were then given by all present, and the concourse immediately dispersed.

In the evening the Great Wigwam of the Tammany society was beautifully illuminated.

FROM ALGIERS.

Mr. Nathaniel Moody, of Boston, has received a letter from his son in law, Mr. Angel D. Andries, dated Algiers, Nov. 6. 1790, in which he informs, that he was captured by the algerines the 28th of June, 1786; but that about nine months after he was appointed by the Dey, a head clerk of the slaves; and from his situation he was well acquainted with the Americans, who are in captivity there—particularly with Captain Stevens of Boston. The condition of the Americans, he informs, is deplorable, but they were in hopes of arresting the attention of the rulers of the United States, and being ransomed thereby. Mr. D'Andries, who has offered the American captives every consolation and relief in his power, has long endeavoured to purchase his freedom; but the Dey demands as his ransom 2400 dollars.

Extract of a letter from Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, dated June 28, to a gentleman in Philadelphia.

"A most horrid and cruel murder was committed a few days since, on the body of a young German, in the neighbourhood of Lebanon, of the name of Orandorff; I saw the inquisition, taken before Justices Thorne and Clark. It appeared that about twelve o'clock at night, when asleep in bed, a fellow entered the room, struck him on the head with an axe, and then cut his throat, of which he instantly died: This was on the second story; the ruffian then descended to a room on the first floor, where his (the deceased's) two sisters lay, entered the room with a lanthorn and candle burning, intending, no doubt, to murder them and rob the house; in this, however, he was disappointed, one of them made resistance, and in the struggle the candle went out, the axe fell out of his hand; the other sister escaped out of the window to alarm the neighbours, and in the mean time the villain fled, leaving behind him the axe and two small chords, with which he first attempted to tie the young girls. The man murdered was to be married next Tuesday to a very decent farmers daughter."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Rhode-Island.

"The present, my dear sir, is only to say, that a Captain ———, of Bristol, in this state, has lately arrived at Newport from an African slave voyage; and that in his passing from the coast of the the West-Indies, he committed a most barbarous transaction, which has excited in the people of this state more aversion to the trafic, than any event which has ever occurred, and will probably awaken their attention to a more accurate enquiry into the general state of the odious commerce. It appears by authentic information, that a female slave was unwell, and discovered symptoms of the small pox; the Captain ordered her to be hoisted into the main top of the ship, where she continued to live several days; in the course of which time, he repeatedly said to the people, "damn her, she must, must go overboard," and at length, ordered them to assist him in perpetrating the horrid crime: they all refused, except an English lad, who with the Captain, plunged the poor creature into the ocean; she swam a little way, but was soon hidden from his inhuman barbarity, by the less merciless waves. As soon as the ship arrived at Newport (both of the mates having died on the voyage) the people propagated the report of the captain's cruelty, in the murder of the poor woman; the story spread rapidly, a general clamour was excited in the country, the civil authority summoned the seamen, took their depositions in due form, fully authenticated the horrid fact, and issued a precept to apprehend the Captain, who, in the mean time absconded, and cannot be found—he left his friends in the most mortifying and deplorable agitation of mind. This event, my dear sir, appears truly providential, as that the poor creature should live so long in that situation, that the cruel Captain should be so infatuated as to commit the action, at a time when the public mind was becoming so extremely averse to the trade; but God reigneth! Captain ——— intended to have built himself a large house this summer, in Bristol, with the gain of impression; and it is said, that one of his owners in Newport has declared that he would rather have given 10,000 dollars than Captain ——— should have conducted as he has done, because it tends to confirm what the *enemies* of the trade alledge against it."

Philadelphia, July 7.—Monday last, the anniversary of our independence, was celebrated in and about this city with universal marks of exultation. An affray at Gray's Gardens, however, between the hours of five and six in the afternoon, clouded the joyful scene, and did not end without real mischief. The cause of the riot is not perfectly known. Some say (and their opinion seems to carry the greatest degree of probability) that it was begun by some persons who had been turned out of the gardens by the constables, after getting in by climbing the walls and fences. The persons, it is said, communicated their vindictive sentiments, on account of this treatment, to a number without the garden, who made a forcible attack with stones and clubs upon the door-keepers, and pulled down several fences and palings. Those inside of the gardens repulsed the attack with stones also, fighting for the right which their quarter of a dollar had purchased. This party prevailed. The assailants retreated, were pursued, and the combat was renewed on the bridge, which bears marks of the vindictive spirit which animated the discontented. The rails, anchoring ropes, &c. were broken and cut, planks were even torn up, and some blood spilt.—The fury of the combatants was here at length cooled, by a cold bath seasonably applied, and severely felt by a few of the ringleaders, the contest ended, we are happy to learn, without loss of lives, but not without hard knocks on both sides, and much injury to the house and gardens.

The Garden Gates, we should add, were thrown open, and quiet being restored, the illuminations and fire-works were exhibited, which produced an admirable effect, owing to the darkness and stillness of the night. The reflection of the fire-works in the river added much to the brilliancy of the scene.

DIED

On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARIA BARCLAY the widow of Mr. James Barclay, in the 44th year of her age, and on Wednesday last her remains were interred in the family vault, in Trinity Church yard.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A CARD.

IGNIS FATUUS presents his most respectful compliments to Mr. Harrison.—He does not doubt the advantage *example* has over *precept*—but, as mankind are much given to superstition, he fears few would be fond of following the example of

"*Jack with a Lanthorn.*"

New-York, July 5, 1791.

COURT of HYMEN.

MARRIED

At Brunswick, New-Jersey, on Thursday the 30th of June, the Rev. Mr. ELIJAH RATTOON, Minister of the Episcopal Church at Brooklyn, to Miss BACHE, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bache of this city.

On Monday evening, at Newark, by the Rev. Mr. Ogden, Mr. THOMAS JOHNSON of this city to the amiable Miss CORNELIA STONEHOUSE, of Newark.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

The Remarks of PRUDENTIA, on the sixth Number of the Reformer, in point of merit, deserves a place in the Museum, and would have been inserted with pleasure, had they not contained allusions of too personal a nature. Animadversions on the Numbers themselves, clear of reflections on any *supposed* author, will be thankfully received, and with pleasure inserted.

The CENTINEL is also informed, that the plan on which the Museum is published, will not admit the insertion of his piece—We suggest a political paper as the best calculated for publishing his narrative.

WANTED to PURCHASE,
New-York State Securities.
Enquire at No. 14, William-Street.

Eight Dollars Reward.

STOLEN away the 20th of June, 1791, from Samuel Woolley, of New-Rochelle, in Westchester county, a canoe about 18 or 19 feet long, she is a Southern built canoe and built very sharp and neat; her outside has been painted white; her inside red; her rim black; was painted better than a year ago, and shows the paint on her sides considerable yet. She had a bolt and ring in her bow, and a chain about 12 or 13 feet long, and irons fixed on her sides for rowing, with a cross piece and two staples and rings to her stern timbers; likewise she was fixed for a mast in her bow. Whoever takes up and secures the thief and canoe so as the subscriber may get her again, shall receive the above reward, and all reasonable charges paid by SAMUEL WOOLLY.

The COURT of APOLLO.

The ROSE:—*A Song.*

GO, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me.
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair!

EPIGRAM.

TWO farmers of late were conversing together,
Of all sorts of grain, and the change of the weather—
Says Neddy to Thomas, "this delicate thaw—
Has quickly dissolved the frost and the snow,
And all sorts of things, that have lately been hid
And bury'd, will presently lift up their head,
Now Thomas his wife had lately interred,
Who wish'd in his heart—before she'd been bury'd,
With surprize he exclaim'd, "I hope on my life
That all won't arise—lest it bring up my wife."

EPITAPH *on a* MISER.

BENEATH this stone the vile remains are lain,
Of Gripus Grasp-all Pinch, a rogue in grain,
Whose studies center'd in the hoard of gain.

Of needy indigence for sums he'd lent,
The usurer extorted cent per cent,
Yet wealth beheld him stranger to content.

Death, in his journey passing by that way,
Took him and pawn'd him to old Nick one day,
Where other scoundrels like bad pledges lay.

PRIMERS

By the Groce or Dozen, &c. to be sold at this Printing Office.

THE MORALIST.

DUTIES *and* COMFORTS *of a good* NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE *duties and the comforts of a good neighbourhood consist in the suppression of the selfish, the irrascible, and the malevolent passions, and in the cultivation and exercise of those that are generous and friendly. He that is inattentive only to his own concerns and interest, and cares not what becomes of others; he that is easily provoked and ready to resent; he that is envious at the prosperity of others, or wishes their hurt, or is glad at their calamity, cannot be a good neighbour. He only is deserving of the character, who is kind and obliging; who is willing to do a good turn, as well as to receive one; willing to lend as well as borrow; who is tender of the characters and of the interests of those among whom he lives; who being a fallible creature himself is disposed to make all reasonable allowances for the failings of others; in short, who is observant of the Golden Rule,* to do to others whatsoever he would have others to do to him.

A Person accustomed to draw new breasts of milk, informs the Ladies of this city that she will serve them on moderate terms. The facility with which she performs this business, will, she flatters herself, give satisfaction to those ladies who may please to employ her. She lives next door to Mr Marston's Distillery, Greenwich street.
New-York, July 2, 1791. 64 3

ANTHONY OGILVIE,
No. 3, Peck-Slip,

INFORMS his friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 18, Little Dock street, to No. 3. Peck-slip, where he continues to carry on House and Sign painting, Gilding and Glazing &c. He also paints mahogany, ebony and all kind of wood colours, marble and stone equal to the colour of stone, in the neatest manner. And he flatters himself that he will give general satisfaction to those who may favour him with their custom.

He has just received, and for sale, wholesale and retail, Whitelead, Spanish Brown, and Yellow Oaker, ground in oil or dry, Prussian Blue, Patent yellow, Glass of all sizes, 8 by 6, 9-7, 10-8, 11-9, 12-10, 16-12, 18-14, &c.
New-York, May 2, 1790.

New-York East-River Air-Furnace.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that John Youle, & Co. have erected an Air-Furnace on the banks of the East River, near Corlear's Hook, where all kinds of iron castings are done in the neatest manner.
Ships Cabouses, and Stoves of all kinds,
Forge Hammers and Anvils,
Waggon Boxes and Sash Weights,
Fifty-six, twenty-eight, & fourteen pound weights.
Backs and Jamb-plates for chimnies of such metal as will stand fire without cracking,
Mill Rounds, Cogg Wheels, Gudgeons, &c.
And every other kind of castings, agreeable to any pattern.
Orders left, or directed to John Youle, at No. 5, corner of Beekman-Slip, at the sign of the Gilt Anvil, will be attended to. 54
April 22, 1791. JOHN YOULE.

A Girl

OF about 14 years of age, that can be well recommended, is wanted in a small family. Good wages given. Enquire of the Printer.

WHEREAS Benjamin Case, of Newburgh in the county of Ulster, Innholder, and Mary his wife, for securing the payment of fifty pounds, current money of the State of New-York, on or before the first day of September, 1790, together with the lawful interest for the same. The further sum of £.50 like current money aforesaid, on or before the 1st day of May, 1791, with the lawful interest thereof. The further sum of £.133 6 8 on or before the first day of May, 1792, with the lawful interest thereof. The further sum of £.133 6 8 on or before the first day of May, 1793 with the lawful interest thereof. And the further sum of £.133 6 8 on or before the first day of May, 1794, together with the lawful interest thereof, according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing date the 16th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1790, given by him the said Benjamin Case to John Anderson, also of Newburg in the county aforesaid, mariner, did, on the day and year aforesaid, mortgage to the said John Anderson, All that certain Messuage or Dwelling House and lot, piece, or parcel of Ground, situate lying and being in Newburg aforesaid, known and distinguished in a map or chart made by Colonel Thomas Palmer, of the township of Newburg aforesaid, by number 6, and is bounded on the south by lot Number 5, on the west by Water-street, on the north by lot Number 7, and on the east by Hudson's River, containing in breadth in front and rear, 154 feet, and in length on each side 100 feet, according to the dimensions of the same laid down in the map or chart aforesaid. Together with a certain dock or wharf, called and known by the name of the Continental Dock; with a covenant in the said mortgage, that in case default shouuld be made in the payment of any or either of the said sums of money, at any or either of the days or times limited and appointed for the payment of the same. That then it should be lawful for the said John Anderson, his heirs and assigns, at any time or times, directly and immediately, after such default should be made, to grant bargain, sell and dispose of the said mortgaged premises, and every part and parcel thereof, at Public Vendue, pursuant to an act of the legislature of the State of New-York, in such case made and provided; and out of the monies arising from the sale thereof, to retain and to keep into his or their hands the whole of the aforesaid several sums of money, as well those that were to become due at any future period, as those that were then due, together with interests and costs as by the said mortgage recorded in the Clerk's office, of the County of Ulster, reference being thereunto had, may more fully and at large appear: AND WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of one of the said instalments, at the time mentioned and appointed in the said mortgage for the payment thereof. NOTICE is therefore hereby given, that unless the whole amount of the said instalment, together with the interest thereof, due in and by virtue of the bond and mortgage aforesaid, shall be paid, the said mortgaged premises will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of October, at twelve of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, pursuant to the powers contained in the said mortgage, and by force and virtue of the act above-mentioned. Dated the 21st day of January, Anno. Dom. 1791.
141—6 m. JOHN ANDERSON.

B L A N K S
Of all kinds to be had at this Printing Office.

ISSUE

MISSING

NOT

AVAILABLE